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**THE VODOO DOCTOR.**

A Peculiar Specimen in Cincinnati—His Diagnosis of a Case.

The "voodoo" sentiment is as strong among the superstitious lower classes of the colored people of Cincinnati, says the *Enquirer*, as it is with the darkeys of Louisiana and Mississippi. Only yesterday it cropped out in the police court, where a middle-aged defendant swore with all earnestness that a woman had tried to "kunj" him by placing in his bed a snake's head, rabbit's foot and other recognized emblems of the magic art, and that to rid himself of the effects of these charms he had to walk over a mile and throw them into the river. Among the darkeys of the south, where this mysterious superstition originated and holds its sway, the snake, rabbit's foot, and all kinds of "yarks" are the cure-alls and charms-alls of creation. With them the most wonderful things can be accomplished, and the most dreaded disease overcome. The "doctor" is looked upon with terror and reverence by these disciples of voodooism.

Cincinnati has a very distinguished leader among these heathenish believers. In complexion he is of that color that denotes a large proportion of African blood. He claims, however, descent from the Comanches or some far western tribe of Indians, and that he is a "medicine man" by inheritance and lineage. His make-up is very peculiar. It is a mixture of white, yellow and slightly waxed, while a long and similarly twisted goatee falls from his chin. His head is closely shaven, save in one place, directly over his forehead, where a peculiar scalp lock or tuft, gives a comical appearance to his unique features.

Worn on his scalp are a number of medals, bearing hieroglyphic marks, testimonials, he claims, of the cures he has effected. Besides he exhibits a number of written certificates testifying to his mysterious deeds. Apparently he is somewhere near fifty years of age. His manners are very dignified, and his language leaves no doubt that he is as fully convinced of his mysterious power as the most devout of his followers. His laboratory at New and Broadway is a curiosity. Preserved in alcohol are two-headed chickens, snakes, and a perfect museum of monstrosities. The snakes he has cast out from patients afflicted like the man of old with the devils. The "doctor" is a power among his believers, who are convinced that no disease can baffle his charms and "yarks."

His diagnosis of a case is given in a way peculiarly his own. For instance, at the bedside of a patient attacked by the cramps he has been heard to remark with the utmost gravity: "De altitudinous of dis yer complexity yarks, considerable remoteness an' keeffulness. De ferociousness of de ubiquity an' we has to handle it as if de dexterity war in commotion. Never mind, chile, I've shure to bring you thru with dese yarks."

**A Balloon Experience.**

From an article on "Amateur Ballooning" in the September Century, we quote as follows: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forbode disaster. The feeling of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them, and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the center with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when this same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue-paper, I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds; it made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

"I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it did not seem for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon earth accompanied by a noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard.

"Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Tallcott Mountain tower, where there were some 200 people enjoying the day. I could plainly see one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapes with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged over the stones through the dirt and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing 300 pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to 'catch on to that anchor and stop the business.' With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: 'It's no use, young man; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended."

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